

"Better let me give you another dose of that medicine, then."

"Boss," said Uncle Ike, "I'd hate to die on yoah hands; but I don't never agin spect to take nothing' whut water won't squench."

ONE ON KEATS

The little agricultural village had been billed with "Lecture on Keats" for over a fortnight. The evening arrived at length, bringing the lecturer to discourse on the poet. The advertised chairman, taken ill at the last moment, was replaced by a local farmer. This worthy introduced the lecturer, and terminated his remarks by saying:

"And now, my friends, we shall soon all know what I personally have often wondered—what are Keats?"

A SEVERE BLOW

Not long ago a little group of statesmen and their friends had collected in the cloak room of the house of representatives and Representative Murdock of Kan., like all good Kansans, took advantage of the occasion to say a word about the wonders of his state. In the course of his remarks he related the following tale:

An Easterner was proceeding through a certain part of Kansas when he observed what he supposed to be a tall chimney rising to some height above the level expanse of the prairie. "What is that chimney used for?" he inquired of his companion, a native of the state. "Is somebody building a factory in this remote, desolate part of the county?"

"That ain't no chimney," explained the Kansas man. "That's Hank Lewis's well. Cyclone come along one day and turned her inside out."